

The Tribune

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Editorials

A weekend to remember

This coming weekend commencing with Friday, the July 1st holiday, can expect to see the largest crowd of visitors descend on the town in its history. The chance to celebrate a 100th birthday comes only once in a lifetime, and thousands are expected to return to the "home town" for the occasion. Fifty years ago, in 1927, with the town population only a quarter of what it is today, residents rallied to a gala celebration which saw hundreds of former residents arrive from all points of the continent. This year's celebration with many times the population and much greater effort is sure to witness a veritable explosion of visitors, some having already arrived from abroad.

The Tribune, along with dozens of other citizens who have worked and fostered the many plans, extend to the thousands of visitors a most entertaining and heart-warming weekend. Many will view with amazement the changes that have taken place in the old home town since last they were here. There will be pride and with some even a little

sadness at the disappearance of old haunts, long since gone to make way for new subdivisions and new business blocks. The change from the quiet country town they once knew to a bustling suburban community, is not without its agonies.

Hundreds will renew childhood acquaintances at the school reunion and there will be questions about the many who have passed away in the intervening years. Time will be all too short for the many discussions of bygone days, and familiar words will be "remember when."

Nostalgia will have its day and a festive mood is sure to prevail. This will be Stouffville's weekend and the renewing of old friendships and viewing of old sights will remain long after the celebrations are over.

The committees in charge have worked long and hard to make the whole affair a success and appreciation for their efforts will be recognized. We are delighted to have been a part of it all through many years, and look forward to the great occasion.

Response embarrassing

As the giant Homecoming Weekend is now just a day away, we feel it's time to stop and look at what the town is doing to promote the centennial good will.

There is ample evidence that most of the town has wholeheartedly picked up the centennial spirit. In numerous stores throughout town, customers are being greeted by centennial attired attendants, and all sorts of antique objects and curios are on display. Throughout the streets numerous centennial flags are fluttering from the upper reaches of

the stores and homes and wooden nickels will be circulated by the Bank of Commerce.

Unfortunately, one very important aspect of the town appears to have been severely neglected amid all the hoopla.

Although there are numerous people with fine singing voices in Stouffville, and many belong to church choirs, sing in Music Mania, or perform in choral groups, the massed choir, scheduled to sing in the park on Sunday, has only 24 members so far.

Stouffville prides itself on its Mennonite heritage and solid, church oriented values, yet practically no churches have supported the choir.

It is going to be rather embarrassing to have a "massed" choir of 20 odd people performing in front of all those crowds of visitors and returning Stouffvillites.

We hope that more people will still join up, so that the centennial program will truly reflect what the town of Stouffville is all about.

30 years ago this week

Lifters and leaners

In recent months the editor attended a banquet at which Hon. Russel G. Kelley, Minister of Health for the Province of Ontario, congratulated those present for taking a public interest in matters that brought no personal benefits to the men present, and he aptly brought his address to a close by reciting the following lines which we obtained for our readers as something worth reading and preserving.

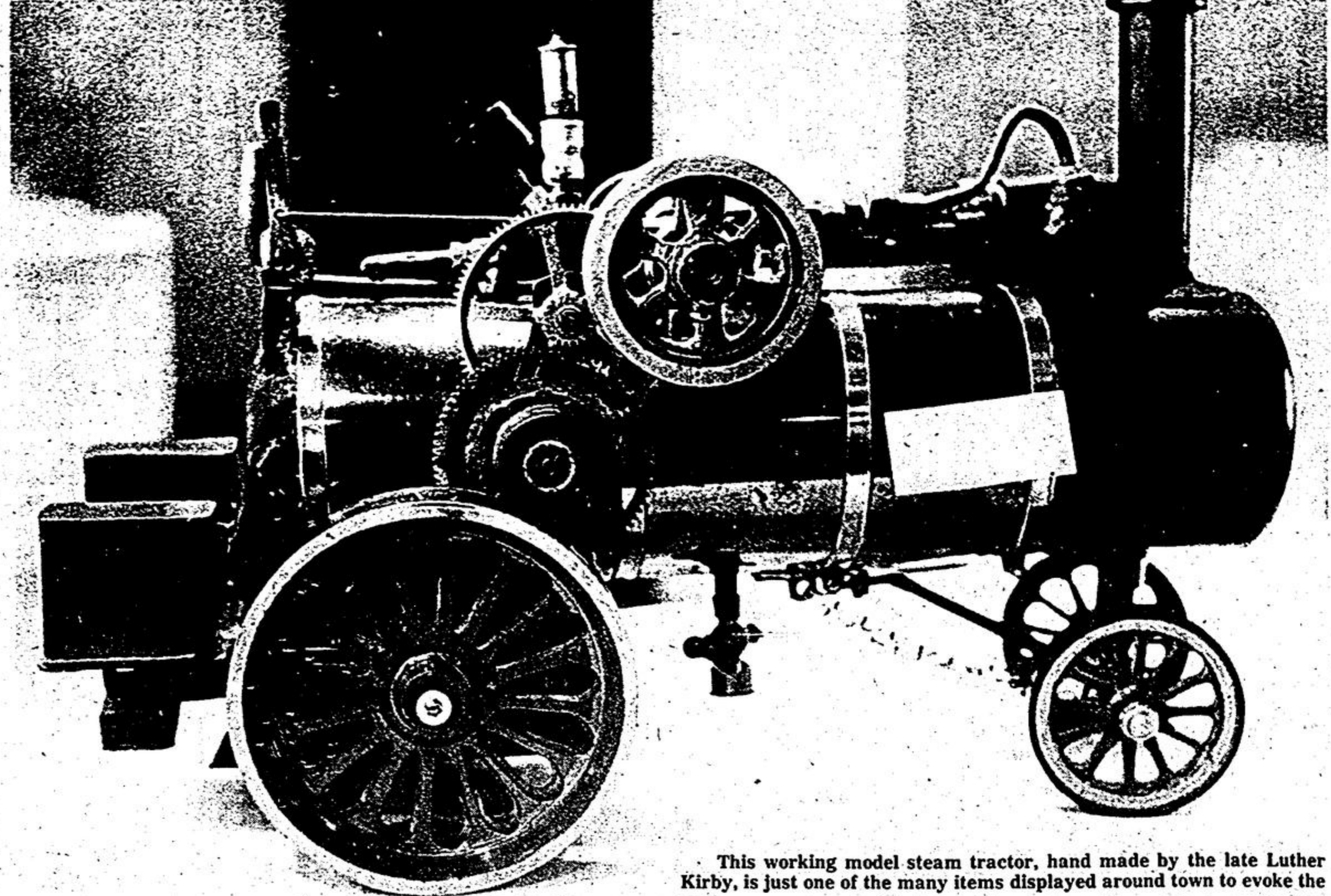
The lifters and leaners
There are two kinds of people on earth today
Just two kinds, no more I say
Not the good or the bad, for it is well understood
That the good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich or the poor, for to know a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the happy or sad for the swift flying years
Bring to each man his sadness and to each man his tears.
No the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
And where ever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided into just these two classes.
And oddly enough you will find too I wean
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean
In which class are you?
Are you easing the load of the tollsome toiler who toils down the road?
Or are you a leaner who makes others bear
Your share of the labour and worry and care?

More and more

Hydro linesmen stringing more and more miles of electricity carrying wire across Canada are wiring the country for millions of Metal and Electrical Dealer.

In Ontario last year about 1,200 miles of new line went up, and another 1,500 miles are expected to be completed by the end of 1977. Last year's construction connected up about the 16,500 new users electricity, the hardware bi-weekly reports. The Manitoba Power Commission expects to wire in about 3,500 new rural consumers this year; and almost every province has some big, new power development under way.

"When the 19 power development projects now under way are completed by about 1980, Canada will have increased her total hydro electricity output to 11 million horsepower." Hardware and Metal and Electrical Dealer reports. "But even the Dominion will be using only about 20 per cent of her known water power potential."



This working model steam tractor, hand made by the late Luther Kirby, is just one of the many items displayed around town to evoke the past.

SUGAR AND SPICE



Why June is not my favorite month

By BILL SMILEY

June is not my favorite month of the year. Maybe it's because on the second day of that month, about 80 years ago, it seems like, I was ushered into the world, somebody gave me a slap on the bum, I started to cry, and I've been a bit jaundiced about June ever since.

It certainly has some advantages over, say, January. There are no ten-foot icicles hanging from the roof. You don't have to fight your way through snowdrifts to get to the car. But it has its own plagues.

As I write, a three-inch caterpillar is working his way across the windowsill to say hello. I know he'll be a beautiful butterfly any day, but last night I stepped on his brother, in my bare feet and in the dark, on the way to the bathroom. Ever try to get squashed caterpillar from between your toes?

No, I don't live in a tree-house. The little devils come up from the basement, or through a hole in the screen. And they have friends and relatives. Just as I typed that sentence, a black ant, about the size of a mouse, scuttled across the floor and under a chair. He looked big enough to carry off one of my shoes and masticate it in a quiet corner.

Insolent starlings strut about my back lawn, scaring the decent birds away, when they are not trying to get into my attic through a hole the squirrels have made, or pooping all

over my car, as it sits under a maple tree, which is also making large deposits of gunk and gum on the vehicle.

Wasps and bumble bees are as numerous and noisy and welcome as gatecrashers at a cocktail party, if you dare take a drink into the back yard for a peaceful libation.

If it's humid and stinking hot, as June so often is, it's like courting carnivorousism, whatever that is, to sit out in the evening. The ruddy mosquitoes turn you into a writhing, slapping, squirming bundle of neurotic frustration in ten minutes.

Go up north into cottage country and you wish you were back home with the mosquitoes. The blackflies up there can be heard roaring with laughter as they slurp up that guaranteed fly dope you've plastered yourself with, and come back for more. They'll leave you bloody. And not unbowed.

I have never yet seen, or heard of, a June when the weather was right for the crops. It's either too wet and hot for the hay, or too dry and hot for the strawberries, or too cold for the garden to get a good start.

Only dang thing June is any good for is the grass you have to mow. Stick your head out some evening, with your mosquito net firmly in place, and you can hear the stuff growing. June is murder for young mothers, trying

to get their infants to go to sleep at their usual hour. What kid of two in his right mind is going to settle down in bed at eight o'clock, with the sun streaming through the drapes, the birds yacking at each other, and the teenagers, who have come alive after a six-month's torpor, squealing their tires at the corner?

For mothers of slightly older kids, it's even worse. On a nice, cold, January night, they can feed the kids and stick them in front of the TV set, or nag them toward their homework. No problem.

On an evening in June, those same kids, from six to sixteen, take off after supper like salmon heading up to spawn, and have to be hollered for, whistled for, and sometimes rounded up physically with threats, after dark.

In January, even the hardy teenager will hesitate to venture out into the swirling black of a winter night. In June, the same bird will hesitate to venture in from the balmy black of a summer night, where sex is as palpable as the nose on his face, and probably a better shape.

June is a time when the land is infested with not only tent caterpillars and other pests, but an even worse virulence of creeps: politicians, with instant remedies for age-old ills. I'll take a plague of tent caterpillars any day.

June is also the time for another of the institutions that tend to maltreat the inmates: marriage. Why anybody, of either sex, wants to get hitched in sticky old, sweaty old June, with all its concomitants, I'll never know. But they do, and people go around with vacuous looks talking about June brides and such. (No offence to my niece Lynn, who is getting married this month. Boy, that'll cost me.)

June is a month when all the ridiculous organizations with which we surround ourselves have their last meeting before the summer break. It's too hot. The turkeys who always talk too much at meetings seem to go insane because they'll have to shut up for two months, and go on until midnight.

June is a time when people go out of their minds and buy boats and cottages and holidays they can't afford and new cars for the big trip and fancy barbecues that will rust in the backyard all winter.

June is the month when I have to sweat in a boiling building through my most unproductive work as a teacher: counting books, stacking books, ordering books, fiddling marks, planning course outlines, when I could be playing gold or drinking beer or doing something worthwhile.

Lead on July, with some of that hot, dry weather, some big, black bass, lots of fresh vegetables out of the garden, and an end to the vermin of June, human and otherwise.

Editor's Mail

Mass choir leader needs more singers

To the editor:

I am writing this letter because of a very real concern I have concerning the Homecoming Weekend. I have had the very great honour of having been asked to direct the "massed" choir for the service in the park. My concern is simply, that it appears there will be no "massed" choir. Who ever saw a "massed" choir of 20 women and four men? Where are the choirs? Where are the

people? All church choirs were committed by their ministers to take part — all townspeople were invited to take part — music was provided to each choir ahead of time. Where is everyone? Every day, I see 15 to 20 people who either sing in choirs or in Music Mania or have done so in the past. Where are they — preparing for a fun fair or a bed race, or a barbecue. Fine, Great, all of these things will lead to a great secular success of which

Stouffville can be proud. But is that only what it's all about? What happened to our rich religious heritage — the very roots of this community? Does God play no part in our lives any more? Have we come this past 100 years all by ourselves?

I think there has been a severe mix-up in communications. I don't think the choirs were invited. I don't think anyone knew what was going on. It is still not too late. There is one more practice this Thursday evening at the United Church at 8 p.m. Please come. Don't worry about the music. It is not difficult. That's why I'm here. You are needed. Is it too much to ask in return for 100 years of prosperity and progress?

Respectfully,
BARBARA SIBBICK

School reunion yearly event

Dear Friend,

At last summer's reunion for former pupils and teachers of Alexander Muir School, a social evening was held on the Saturday consisting of a dinner and dance or just visiting. As this was a most enjoyable time where we met many old acquaintances, we have decided to hold another "get-together" on Saturday, August 13th, 1977.

Tickets for the evening (including dinner) are \$7.50 per person and may be obtained by phoning Mrs. Audrey Beattie at 895-6304.

In order to facilitate our caterers, no tickets will be sold at the door, and all requests for tickets must be in by July 15th. At the time of this writing, we have the choice of either the Community Centre or the Arena (both on Cedar Street) and your early response would greatly help us make the decision as to the space required.

Mark August 13th on your calendar, and plan to join us again this year and make last summer's memories come to life once more. P.S. Please don't forget to tell other relatives, if any, who are also ex-students of A.M.S.

A.M.S. ALUMNI
COMMITTEE
Audrey E. Beattie (Convenor)
Mel MacLennan (Treasurer)

As we have no fund-raising projects this year, we will not be sending individual invitations. In our endeavour to contact everyone we are writing or telephoning one member of each family and ask your assistance by passing the information to other relatives who also attended the school.

A social hour begins at 4 p.m. Dinner will be served continuously from 5 p.m.-8 p.m. Ex-student Don Gilkes and his 10 piece orchestra will provide music for dancing starting at 9 p.m.

School Fun Fair financial success

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your coverage of the Fun Fair recently held at Summitview School.

For our first such undertaking it was financially very successful and, most important, the children, parents, teachers and the P.T.A. who organized it, worked together to help raise money for additional gymnasium equipment, audio visual equipment, books for the library and general purpose rooms to be built this summer.

Much has been said favourably and unfavourably about P.T.A. groups, but in the last year, I have become aware that with my

earnest and sincere co-workers anything is possible. Also, having Lorne Boudway, principal and Mrs. Nelda Morley, secretary, behind us, our P.T.A. groups can only be as it is supposed to be, an assist to the school.

Our centennial project, to be held in October, will be a fashion show of wedding gowns worn in the last 100 years and we look forward to this special project in our Centennial year.

Mrs. Anne Simons,
President,
Summitview, P.T.A.

Reader requests help

Dear Editor,

May I request your assistance in publicising my research project regarding Canadian participation in the Boer War. It is a neglected area in our military history. There is, for example, no official history as yet and British books on the War devote little attention to the very significant Canadian contribution.

A handful of veterans are still alive and it appears that no concerted effort has been made to record their reminiscences. Furthermore, there is a considerable amount of documentary material (especially letters) still in private possession. I am anxious to make contact with the veterans before they pass on and to gain access to the documentary material before it is destroyed, and I believe that the only effective way of establishing this contact is through the Press.

The research is for a Master of Arts thesis at the University of Ottawa and, hopefully, the completed dissertation will prove to be a positive contribution to Canadian military history.

I do hope that you will find it possible to comply with this request.

Yours sincerely,
HUGH ROBERTSON
Head, History Department,
Ashbury College,
Ottawa, Ontario.
K1M 0T3.

History of postal service in Canada now being compiled

Dear Sir:

The national board of the Canadian Postmasters and Assistants Association has asked me to compile the history of our organization.

For this reason, I am asking your readers to contribute items of interest such as amusing anecdotes, photographs, clippings of important postal events, and stories from the pioneer days of mail handling in Canada. I am especially interested in hearing from past and present members of the C.P.A.A. and their families.

All material will be acknowledged on arrival and a receipt issued. It will then be returned to the contributor as quickly as possible.

Thanking you for your assistance, I am,
Sincerely yours,
BETTI MICHAEL,
C.P.A.A. Historian,
Port Robinson, Ontario
L6S 1K0